

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

*Mar. Holla, Barnardo,*  
*Bar. Say what is Horatio there?*  
*Hora. A peece of him,*  
*Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,*  
*Hora. What ha's this thing appeard againe to night?*  
*Bar. I haue seene nothing.*  
*Mar. Horatio sayes tis but a fantasie,*  
*And will not let beleefe take hold of him,*  
*Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,*  
*Therefore I haue intreated him along,*  
*With vs to watch the minuts of this night,*  
*That if againe this apparition come,*  
*Hee may approue our eyes and speake to it.*  
*Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.*

*Bar. Sit downe awhile,*  
*And let vs once againe assaile your eares,*  
*That are so fortified against our story,*  
*What wee haue two nights seene.*

*Hora. Well sit wee downe,*  
*And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.*

*Bar. Last night of all,*  
*When yond same starre thats westward from the pole,*  
*Had made his course illumine that part of heauen*  
*Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe.*  
*The Bell then beating one.*

*Enter Ghost.*

*Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes a- (gaine,*

*Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.*

*Mar. Thou art a Scholler speake to it Horatio.*

*Hora. Most like, it horrorres me with feare & wonder.*

*Bar. It would be spoke to.*

*Mar. Speake to it Horatio.*

*Hora. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,*  
*Together with that faire and warlike forme,*  
*In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke*  
*Did sometimes march: by heauen I charge the speake.*

*Mar. It is offended.*

*Bar. See howe it staukes away.*

*Hora*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake. Exit Ghost.*

*Ma. Tis gone and will not answere.*

*Bar. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,*  
*Is not this something more then phantasie?*  
*What thinke you of it?*

*Hora. Before my God I might not this beleuee,*  
*Without the sencible and true auouch*  
*Of mine owne eyes.*

*Mar. Is it not like the King?*

*Hora. As thou art to thy selfe:*  
*Such was the very Armor hee had on,*  
*When hee the ambitious Norway combated,*  
*So frownde hee once when in an angry parle*  
*Hee smote the sleaded pollax on the ice,*  
*Tis strange.*

*Mar. Thus twice before and iump at this dead houre,*  
*With Martiall stauke hath hee gone by our watch.*

*Hora. In what perriular thought, to worke I know not,*  
*But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,*  
*This bodes some strange eruption to our state.*

*Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me hee that knowes,*  
*Why this same strict and most obseruant watch*  
*So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,*  
*And with such dayly cost of brazen Cannon*  
*And forraine marte for implements of warre,*  
*Why such imprcesse of ship-wrights, whose sore taske*  
*Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,*  
*What might bee toward, that this sweaty hast*  
*Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,*  
*Who ist that can informe mee?*

*Hora. That can I,*  
*Atleast the whisper goes so, our last King,*  
*Whose image euen but now appeard to vs,*  
*Was as you know by Fortinbrasse of Norway,*  
*Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride*  
*Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant Hamlet,*  
*(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)*  
*Did slay this Fortinbrasse, who by a scald compact*  
*Well ratified by law and Heraldry*

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